

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

VOLUME XII.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1883.

NUMBER 9.

POETRY

My Favorite Picture.

Strolling along the crowded streets
As many a time I have done before,
I found, one day, my straying feet
Within an artist's door.

I looked upon each pictured face,
I marked the artist's cunning skill,
That every human gift and grace
Could mirror at his will.

I went beyond the world of art,
Of every shade, of every tone,
I found a question in my heart,
Which is the fairest picture there?

Within a little time I saw,
So opened carols from the wall,
There hung a quiet woman's face—
The loveliest of them all.

Of all the pictures hanging there—
Of every shade, of every tone,
From aged sire to maiden fair—
I loved but this alone.

That placid countenance the while
Those clear deep eyes of melting blue
Were beaming with that heavenly smile
Which speaks the woman true.

To other eyes it might not seem
So beautiful—so near divine:
To me it is a lovely theme,
And I have made it mine.

I am no sighing, love-sick swain;
What make this picture more than others?
One whisper makes the secret plain
That sweet face was—my mother's.

STORY TELLER.

The Midnight Race.

BY PROF. A. W. DUANE.

It is a light tax on my mind to bring into vivid remembrance a stirring and lamentable incident of the days in the long-ago. It was only a sled-race, but how entrancingly absorbing and exhilarating it was; and all the more so, perhaps, because run and won under the eyes of vigilant tutors and a wary principal.

We three—Edward Birchwood, Dwight Holly and myself—were just emerging from our teens and finishing a three years' academic course at High Rock Institute, which was then, and still is, situated in the thriving, pushing State of Connecticut.

High spirited and most untamed as we were, it required a curb and rein, held in a steady hand, with a careful admixture of love, patience and discipline, to keep us within the rules. One of the edicts prohibited coasting after nightfall; and up to this time, the rule had not been openly violated.

An elevation, dignified with the name of Eagle Mountain, rose abruptly from the plain two miles north of the institute, but was popularly known among the students as "The Bald Eagle." It was almost destitute of trees or shrubbery on one side, and here a coasting ground had been arranged that would have delighted the heart of an Alpine Ranger. For more than a mile the snowy path extended, with naught to break the fleecy monotony save the outstretched arms of a giant pine or hemlock, as the coaster sped down the declivity.

On this particular evening, after much boasting of the merits of our respective sleds, as we stood upon the campus, Birchwood fairly startled us with the following defiance:

"Better the talk, fellows; it is altogether too cheap. Let's have something decisive. I'll wager my half yearly allowance of half a hundred against the same that 'The Commodore' is the fleetest sled in the institute! Will you accept?"

"Done!" shouted Holly.
"Done!" echoed I.

"Then it is so considered," continued Birchwood. "Your hands on it, and—your word."

And there, under the barren branches of a great sweeping elm, we clasped hands on what Holly laughingly called our "triangular pledge."

The few preliminaries were speedily arranged, and it was agreed to meet and race at "The Bald Eagle" just before the hour of midnight—the stakes our individual half-yearly allowance of pocket money. It was a clever snip for a youngster, situated as each of us was, to possess, and I congratulated myself that my clipper sled, "Hurricane," would easily outstrip Birchwood's much vaunted "Commodore" and Holly's boasted "Mystery."

Earlier than ordinary we retired to rest, on this eventful evening, having previously conveyed our iron-bound racers to a place of concealment convenient to the Institute. As no student was permitted to leave the grounds after nine o'clock, it was extremely difficult to do so without

detection, and it was only the love of adventure and the wager to be lost or won, that inspired us with sufficient determination to dare the feat.

As it was impossible to gain exit by the usual means, we had recourse to artificial methods. Birchwood's apartments were situated on the second floor, with the branches of an old elm sweeping almost against the window, so that, with small exertion, he could grasp a limb and descend without great difficulty. But Holly and myself were not thus favored. Rooming as we did on the opposite side of the building, in the third story, and no friendly tree to aid in our expedition, our only hope lay in the lightning rod, which afforded at best an uncertain and perilous means of escape.

We have turned into bed, but not to sleep, for, as for myself, I was never so wakeful—my mind was filled with thoughts of the races, in which I pictured myself the winner—sweeping onward with electric rapidity in advance of my slower associates. Finally, my thoughts became confused, my mind began to wander, and involuntarily my eyelids closed. I fell into a drowse. How long I slumbered I am unaware, for when I awoke, the moon was high in the heavens and stealthy footsteps in the hall roused me to action.

Holly was up and about. It was time to be off. It must be my classmate who was stirring. I listened intently: again came the footfall—a peculiar one, and I recognized it instantly—it was his step. He was going to steal out by the rear door. I would follow him, but no. Another step was audible. Some one else was stirring and I would be detected. But I must escape and at once. I feared to hesitate, knowing the peril of delay, and so, an instant later, I raised the window and grasped the lightning rod with a firm hold, and then giving a single look below and about, I had the satisfaction of seeing Holly making his way across the campus.

I then began my dangerous descent. Slowly, with great exertion and infinite difficulty, I wormed myself down, and had successfully completed about half the distance when I was startled by a loud crack above my head.

"Horror! had the rail parted? No; there it was straight and firm, and—what was that? The head of Dr. Conway, professor of medicine, gazing from a window in the fourth story which he had just elevated. I was discovered."

"Ah! ah—h—h! my fine fellow, A nice caper you are cutting. Stop your descent instantly and return!"

I made no answer. To go back by the lightning-rod was an almost impossible task; but my mind was fully made up, and so I continued my descent as rapidly as possible. Doubtless Dr. Conway perceived this, and, with the intention of arresting me when I reached the ground, he dashed from the window and rushed down the stairs at a terrific rate. But it was of no avail; I was already down and was in quest of my sled, which I had secreted some distance in advance. As I left the campus, however, I merely gave a quick glance over my shoulder and saw the good old doctor standing in the rear doorway, scantily attired, beckoning and threatening.

"Hurricane" was soon gained, and just as the village clock pealed out the hour of midnight, I reached the base of "The Bald Eagle." I was on time, and a few minutes' climbing brought me to the rugged summit where Holly and Birchwood, with some anxiety, awaited me.

It was a contest without a referee; no spectator viewed the memorable event, and the only stakeholder was myself, for in my care had been confided the several amounts.

"How many heats will be necessary to settle the matter?" inquired Holly, baring his steel runners of his "Mystery" with his sleeve.

"Well, speaking correctly, I should say, how many 'colts,' of which I would name the 'best two in three,' rejoined Birchwood, facetiously.

"Good!" we both echoed.

"Now look to your runners. All ready?" cried Birchwood.

"One—two—three—e!" yelled Holly, and we leaped upon our favorites without the delay of an instant.

The race has begun! The decline at the outset was gradual and slipped along rather slowly, but gaining momentum with each succeeding breath.

But soon we reached the steeper and ice-covered portion of the slope, and each fled bounded onward as if gifted with life, attaining an almost incredible velocity. As we darted past a

giant boulder, marking one-third of the course, where the decline became precipitous in its abruptness, I saw that Birchwood was leading slightly, and my heart sank within me, for I had fancied myself a sure winner before this point was gained.

The designated goal was a blasted pine, just beyond a small unguarded bridge which spanned a rushing, roaring mountain torrent, at this season swollen to an unusual depth and size, and it required great caution to avoid accident, since a false move on our part would precipitate us into the seething flood.

We were gliding, rushing, tearing down the ice-bound "Eagle" with fearful speed, always increasing, Birchwood still in the van; I was just behind, while Holly was skimming along a sled's length in the rear.

The wide-spread evergreen hemlock that marked half the distance was now reached, and we neared the goal with almost the velocity of light. I was gaining on Birchwood. I had reached the stern-post of "The Commodore," and was still gaining. A moment more and we were running head and head. Then I forged ever so slightly in advance, and quickly was half a length in advance of all.

Holly and his "Mystery" now seemed to awake as if from a lethargy, and, to my dismay, I saw them gain upon me. Inch by inch the interval between us lessened. He had passed "The Commodore," and was closing upon me with undeniable certainty. For an instant longer I retained the lead; but Holly's "Mystery" crept by me, gaining almost imperceptibly, but with disheartening assurance.

Birchwood was bowling along, with his head at his stern-post, shouting at the top of his voice in the excitement. My thoughts were far away; I saw nothing except Holly, who had the "heat" well in hand, and realized the futility of any effort to regain the cherished lead.

The bridge was now reached, and over it, we dashed like an electric bolt, with a low, sullen roar. "Hurricane" and "Mystery" again side by side. "The Commodore" a length behind, Birchwood growing an angry curse at his ill-fortune. The blasted pine was now in full view, we having turned the bend in the snow path, and in another second had left it behind—Holly the winner of the first heat by a few inches.

"Whew! but that was a hot one, and no mistake!" exclaimed Birchwood, as we again toiled up the slippery steep.

"Hot?" "Not much!" returned I. "Why, the breeze almost cut me in two! But you won cleverly, Holly, and fairly earned it."

"Yes, I believe so," he replied, moodily, with a far-off look in his handsome eyes.

He was not his usual joyous self, and it was evident, to me at least, that he was troubled with harrowing thoughts.

"What ails you, Dwight?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing—in particular; I only had a sort of presentiment that something terrible will happen to me if I ride down the 'Eagle' again to-night. I am not a superstitious croaker, but this seems to bean out-and-out warning."

"Nonsense!" I cried.

"Bosh! Ha! Ha!" laughed Birchwood. "He is afraid to run down again. I see how it is; he wants the money without racing for it."

"Birchwood, you wrong me; I have no such thought; and I—I am sure you do not mean it. But"—with a decisive voice, in which, however, a tremor was discernable—"I will go down again—I will run the race, if it costs me my life!"

We were again at the summit, and breathless we seated ourselves for a brief period for rest. Far below extended the icy transparency, dazzling the eye in the clear moonlight, as it glazed and silvered each snowy particle. Near the base could be seen the swollen stream—at this distance appearing like a ruffled silken skein—madly tearing along its narrow, rocky bed—a foaming, whirling torrent.

Our conversation had suddenly flagged, and Holly's just remarks had damped our spirits, but we forgot all an instant later, when Birchwood sprang up and shouted:

"Now, fellows, once more! All ready? One—two—three—and go!"

And "go" we did, beautifully started, Holly leading slightly. Our speed before had been great, but now it was prodigious—terrible—and with inconceivable celerity our inanimate racers carried us down the mountain. I dared not look ahead. Trees and

rocks flitted by like phantoms. I had never rode so surpassingly swift before, and it was only in short gaps I could draw my breath; my eyes filled with tears, a sensation of dizziness almost overcame me, and I seemed like one in a dream.

Our sleds had separated: some one was ahead—yes, a good distance, twenty feet or more. Who was it? I could not tell, since I had completely lost myself. But one thing I was painfully aware of—that I was far behind all. Two lengths in advance a sled was bowling along rapidly, and lower down was another, and this seemed to gain momentarily.

In another instant the foremost sled touched the bridge, and its rider, in the full flush of triumph, raised his elbow and waved his hand in an exciting "Hurrah!"

It was Holly! The victorious gesture was fatal, for, in the next moment, in the twinkling of an eye his sled, that had so nobly carried him to victory, unguided an instant only by its happy owner, met a slight obstacle, swerved from its course, plunged over the rude structure—down, down into that rushing, angry flood.

A single cry of horror and a terrified scream was all we heard, and Holly, brave, gallant classmate, passed from view. How terribly had his presentiment been verified.

As quickly as possible Birchwood and myself checked ourselves and ran to the edge of the bridge. No sign of our companion, no indication of life; nothing human could live in that maelstrom.

Birchwood groaned aloud, and I, unable to restrain myself, gave way to open grief. All the endearing qualities of my late comrade sprang quickly to memory, and I bitterly accused Birchwood of being his murderer, by his taunt: "Holly is afraid to go down again!"

Down the banks of the torrent we walked for miles, searching, looking, longing for a sight of our loved friend, but, although we walked until the dawn of morning, no trace of him was apparent, and we reluctantly abandoned the dreary search. The sad news was reported at the Institute, and for days a high pitch of excitement prevailed, and many unpleasant accusations were heaped upon Birchwood and myself.

Holly had been a prime favorite among his fellows, and his untimely, violent death brought unbidden tears and genuine grief from many. A fruitless search for his remains followed for days, but it was not until all hope of recovering his bruised and mangled body had been relinquished, that a gardener, miles below, found our brave young comrade in a little cove of the winding stream. He had come to the Institute without a known relative or friend, won his way to an advanced position in his classes, and stood high in the estimation of all, through his affectionate, manly attributes; but, though no one appeared to claim our late school-fellow, we all owned him, and he was quietly, tearfully laid to rest in the little Institute cemetery.

It was a race terribly won; a life miserably lost! The lesson of obedience, love and fidelity to discipline that it conveyed, will never be effaced from memory.

I graduated, as did Birchwood, and we parted, he to practice medicine, I to follow the profession of chemistry, and I soon after lost him in the world's great turmoil. He never mentioned the wager again, and the stakes has been religiously treasured as a sad memento.

This was years and years ago, my hair has long since been silvered, and the brightness of the eye faded, but I still retain, in an old worn and discolored wallet, a vivid remembrance of that fatal "Midnight Race."—Buckannon Banner.

Five Minutes.

At a recent college commencement, Dr. S. J. Prime, editor of the New York Observer, spoke to the young men, as follows:

I am invited to speak to you five minutes, and only five. Little can be said, much may be done, in five minutes. In five minutes you may fire a city, scuttle a ship, or ruin a soul. The error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life. Got that thought well into your hearts, and my work is done in a minute, instead of five.

Tempted to sin, remember that in five minutes you may destroy your good name, fill your soul with undying remorse, and bring, with sorrow,

your father's gray hairs to the grave. But if you can do so much evil, so you may do a mighty sum of good in five minutes.

You may decide to live for usefulness and honor. Everything hangs on that choice, and it may be made in five minutes as well as in five years.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves; take care of the minutes and the hours are safe. I made a little book in this way: in the breakfast room were pen, and ink, and paper, and if when the hour for breakfast came, all was not ready, I wrote a few words or lines, as time allowed. The book was finished, and it had been published scarcely a week before I heard it had saved a soul: it has saved many since. It did not cost me one minute that would have been used for anything else.

Five minutes in the morning, and as many in the evening, will make you the master of a new language in two or three years. Before you are of middle age you may speak all the modern tongues, if you will but improve the spare moments of the years now flying by.

Minutes are more than jewels; they are "the stuff that life is made of;" they are diamond stepping-stones to wisdom, usefulness and wealth; the ladder to heaven.

It will not take you five minutes to do a good deed, and one day will make a life of honor and usefulness, with glory beyond.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

To-day is the Celebration of Washington's Birthday.

There was a Literary entertainment of the Clero Literary Association given to a large audience of deaf-mutes this evening, in the room where the Association meets.

The fine programme for the evening was presented in a very agreeable manner, as follows: 1. Introductory Remarks, by President Roop; 2. Poetical Reading on "Washington," by Wm. H. Lipsett; 3. Biographical Sketch of George Washington, by Wm. McKinney; 4. Recitation on "George Washington and a colored citizen, and a lesson to husbands," by Wm R. Cullingworth; 5. Debate, Resolved: "That Matrimony is more conducive to happiness than Celibacy."

Messrs. Michael Higgins and W. G. Harrison discussed in favor of the affirmative, Messrs. Abraham L. Manning and John R. Lewis replied in the negative.

Messrs. J. J. Stevenson, W. R. Cullingworth and W. H. Lipsett, as Judges, decided upon the question as a tie.

Then followed Messrs. Thos. Breen and Roland Barker, who acted in a humorous dialogue of a New York Farmer and a Pennsylvania Lawyer.

Rev. H. Winter Syle presented good-humored criticisms on every one who took part in the debate.

The arrangements of the evening were under the management of Wm. H. Lipsett, Chairman, Jos. A. Roop and Mike Higgins.

The election of officers of the Clero Literary Association will be held next Thursday, March 1st, and the result of the election will be printed in your valuable paper hereafter.

The following lectures for the Clero Literary Association are engaged during the month of March—viz: March 8th, Mr. Wm. R. Cullingworth. Subject: Art of Engraving," and "Adventures of some Artists"; March 15th, Mr. Andrew J. Carlin; March 22d, (closed up) (Friday 23rd, Good Friday services), and March 29th, Wm. H. Lipsett, "Billy Bender, the Ventriloquist-Detective."

Prof. A. L. E. Crouter will lecture before the Chirological Lyceum and its friends, in the large illuminated parlor of the Young Men's Christian Association, 15th and Chestnut Sts. Wednesday evening (8.15 o'clock), March 21st, 1883. Every deaf-mute is respectfully requested to attend.

The Chirological Lyceum, at its meeting held the other evening, decided to withdraw or drop the intention of having the "Dark" Moonlight excursion to Baltimore July 3rd, for some good reasons, which were explained and approved by the special Committee of Arrangements.

As to the request of Mr. W. W. S., the question for debate on "Resolved: That a cow is more useful in services than a horse," was handled and discussed by two members of the affirmative and the negative, the other evening, at the literary meeting of the Chirological Lyceum. Upon the vote of the audience, the question was declared a tie, but the negative won by a cast vote of the President.

The Committee on Property of the Philadelphia Board of Education bought a lot and building of Mr. Wm. Lipsett, father of Wm. H. Lipsett, for a purpose of enlarging the building, and using it as a district public school. To the glee of his friends who live up-town, the parents of Mr. W. H. Lipsett will move up-town soon.

PHILA., February 22, '83.

Articulation For Deaf-Mutes.

T. F. M. in The Deaf-Mute Opic.

Considerable discussion is going the rounds of the deaf-mute papers on the subject of articulation.

It seems to me that the main object in teaching mutes is lost sight of. What we should strive after is to enable pupils to think accurately and to communicate correctly and readily. Very little thinking is done without the use of words. The words are not written or spoken, but are used by the mind in carrying on mental operations. By words we reflect, reason and come to conclusions. It is only when we communicate with another person, that we speak or write words.

It is to this mental use of words that their greatest value attaches. In thinking, we do not use words which we do not understand. Hence the operations of any mind are limited to the vocabulary which it possesses.

Thought reflection, meditation, speculation, and to a large degree memory and imagination, are dependent upon a knowledge of words. A knowledge of the meaning of words is equally indispensable in communication either by writing or speaking. It does not follow, however, that in writing or speaking, words are always used whose meaning is comprehended. That a sentence is correctly written or spoken, is no proof that its import is understood. Often we find sentences written or spoken without an error, of the meaning of which the pupil has not the slightest conception. A child may copy, or a mute familiar with articulation may read aloud a page of English, just as a person acquainted with the Greek characters and inflections may read a page of Greek without giving utterance to a single idea. If then, there can be no accurate thinking without an accurate knowledge of words, and on the other hand there may be much use of words without any expression of ideas, we see that the most important task before the mute is to get possession of as many words as possible, to make himself skillful in their use in at least one way, either by writing or by speaking. The task is not easy. It has been said that a pupil who learns well one word a day, is making fair progress. He must be able to recognize the word and to use it in any form which it may take, and in any and every position in a sentence which it may occupy, and to know its different connections. If he thus thoroughly learns one word every school day, perhaps he does do all that could be expected of him.

And yet this seems very little. Five days in a week; forty weeks in a year. At the end five years he would have a vocabulary of 1,000 words. It must be that an average pupil of five years schooling knows more than a thousand words! Grant him two thousand. Then let us see. Suppose him to be a mute with no knowledge of Articulation. It has taken him all this time to acquire this little stock of words. Would he know more? would he know as many words if in the mean time he had struggled with articulation? I believe not. If it has taken all his time to learn how these words looked on paper, could he also have learned how they could be a speaker's mouth? If he has only been able to learn the proper forms in which to write them under varied circumstances, could he also have learned the different positions in which the vocal organs must be placed in order to utter them in those proper forms?

If it has taken all his power to master their orthography, how could he at the same time have mastered their pronunciation? Written language is laboriously acquired, and by a mute spoken language is also laboriously acquired, and they cannot both be mastered in the same time that one can be. If spoken language is more serviceable to a mute than written language, let that be taught to the exclusion of the latter. But since an accurate knowledge of words and their meaning is indispensable, let one form or the other be adopted and let the largest possible number of words and the readiest use of them

be acquired. Better be able to think and write or to think and speak by means of 1000 words, than to be able to think, write and speak with only half this number. If a mute has only time to learn one language, or one form of the same language, or one system of communication, if that is better, there need be little discussion as to which is most serviceable. I think no one believes that speech should be taught to the exclusion of writing. It cannot be taught without encroaching upon the time which must be devoted to written language, if the latter be mastered as fully as it should be.

These remarks, I believe, are applicable to nearly all deaf-mutes. They are not applicable to semi-mutes or to semi-deaf persons, and there are some exceptionally bright deaf-mutes who, doubtless, are able to acquire a good vocabulary and also speech as an accomplishment, and to such Articulation is a grand good thing. But the average deaf-mute has enough to do without attempting to cultivate his voice.

Mexico's Mutual Benefit and Benevolent Association.

Articles of incorporation of "The Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association" were filed at the Oswego County Clerk's office on February 20th. The object of the Association is to provide for the families of deceased members. The twelve Directors composing the Board for the first year are Timothy W. Skinner, Solomon L. Alexander, Maurice L. Wright, Robert H. Baker, Myron W. Collins, Herbert H. Dobson, Charles F. Fuller, Geo. D. Babcock, Samuel A. Taber, Cornelius Cuddeback, Lawrence L. Jones and Henry C. Rider. The principal office is in the village of Mexico, N. Y. The articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the Secretary of State on February 14th.

Further particulars about this association will shortly be published in the JOURNAL.

Once upon a time an editor in search of food was compelled to pawn his diamond shirt studs for a loaf of bread. While conveying the humble meal to his castle a hungry dog run off with it, and a few moments later robbers deprived the editor of his watch. Instead of being rattled by these untoward incidents, the editor smilingly remarked: "I thank the gods that I still have my appetite left." We are taught by this little fable that true contentment is the greatest of all journalistic boons.—Press.

A woman was the only passenger in a Montana stage except her baby, whom she wrapped in her fur cloak, leaving herself unprotected from the zero temperature. The driver saw that she was benumbed and would freeze to death unless roused to violent exercise. He dragged her from the coach and left her by the roadside. "Oh, my baby!" she cried. The driver cracked his whip. The stage flew over the snow, with the woman running after. The race was kept up for nearly two miles, when the driver took the mother in again and wrapped his coat around her. He had warmed her blood and saved her life.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, - - -	March 1st.
Pittsburg, (4th Sun. in lent) " 4th.	
Miles Grove, Pa., 2:30	
P. M., - - -	March 7th.
Cleveland, - - -	" 8th.
Des Moines, 3 and 7:30	
P. M., - - -	March 10th.
Des Moines, 3 P. M., (Confirmation), - - -	March 11th.
Clinton, Iowa, 7:30 P. M., - - -	March 12th.
Michigan City, 7:30 P. M., - - -	March 13th.
Albion, 2 P. M., Jackson, 7:30 P. M., - - -	March 14th.
Grand Rapids, 7:30 P. M., - - -	March 15th.
East Saginaw, 7:30 P. M., - - -	March 16th.
Detroit, (lecture), - - -	" 17th.
" 10:30 A. M., Confirmation, 7:30, - - -	March 18th.
Dayton, 3 P. M.; Confirmation, 7:30, - - -	March 22d.
Cleveland, - - -	" 25th.
St. Louis, - - -	April 1st.

Other appointments may be made between Detroit and Dayton, of which due notice will be given.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, 2.50
These prices are in advance. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.
CASH IN ADVANCE.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Efforts to Establish a Florida Institution.

DURING the past two or three years, efforts have been made to establish an institution for the deaf and dumb in Florida. The present indications are that an institution will ere long be started by the State, as the Governor has suggested, in his annual message, that a portion of the public schools fund be used for the founding and support of a deaf-mute school. It is estimated that there are over one hundred deaf-mutes of school age in Florida, but up to the present time, the deaf and dumb of Florida have lived and died in ignorance. A couple of years ago, Mr. Wm. K. Chase made a determined but unsuccessful fight in the educational interest of deaf-mutes residing in the Peninsular State. Mr. Perry Barnes also worked with a will for the same object. But, of late, the matter has received a new impetus, and is calling forth great interest, through the persistent energy of Mr. Thomas Hines Coleman, a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, of Washington, D. C. The progress thus far is very encouraging, and to judge from present aspects, next fall will find several deaf-mutes under tuition in a Florida Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

New Jersey Institution.

The latest news concerning the New Jersey Institution is very gratifying. A dispatch, dated February 27th, says:—"In the New Jersey Legislature, a message was received from the Governor, recommending that the proceeds of the sale of the Stevens Battery, \$62,770, be appropriated to the Deaf and Dumb Institution. A bill to this effect was introduced by Senator Taylor. Amendments limiting the Appropriations to a part only of this sum were defeated, and the bill passed to a third reading." It is not known whether those pupils from New Jersey now in other institutions will be removed to the home institution when it is started, but the general impression seems to be that they will be allowed to finish their terms in the several schools in which they are now being taught, and that only new pupils, of whom there is no lack, will attend the New Jersey Institution at the outset.

The Washington Heights Century Club celebrated the 22d of February by a dinner at the new Mount St. Vincent Hotel.

Hon. Erastus Brooks, the President of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, made a brief but eloquent speech in response to the toast—"The State of New York." He alluded to the educational and charitable institutions of the State as constituting one of its most rightful claims to the title of "The Empire State."

The programme of toasts was an excellent one, as it could not help being, since it was arranged by Dr. I. L. Peet, who holds the post of Treasurer of the club.

The Institution was further represented at the dinner by Prof. Weston Jenkins, the Secretary of the club, and by Avery T. Brown, Esq., of the Board of Directors, and William Porter, M.D., the Superintendent, and Messrs. F. D. Clarke and E. H. Currier of the corps of teachers, who were present by invitation.

NOTICE.

Deaf-Mutes of Boston and vicinity are invited to services in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St. to-morrow at 12 noon (Holy Communion), and 3 P.M.

ITEMIZER.

News From Every State in the Union.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mrs. James Lewis, of New York, is seriously ill. Her sickness puzzles the doctors, and is alternately mild and violent. It is hoped that she soon will be again.

Mr. S. S. Seating, of St. John's School, Falkland, Del., preaches to the mutes of Columbia, Pa., every Sunday. He lives with his brother at Wrightsville, Pa.

The pouncing propensities of Deaf Burke, an English prize-fighter, who flourished a number of years ago, are enumerated in the *New York Mercury*, of Sunday last.

W. H. Terbish, who is now in Mattawan, N. Y., has been sick for two weeks, but is on his pins again. He is working for L. H. King & Co., of Mattawan, N. Y.

An old classmate of Joseph Baker and Walter Morse, of Boston, would like to know their addresses, as he desires to communicate with them on a matter of importance.

Misses Ellen, Eva, and Emma Tilton, of Dalton, Mass., are working in a mill at Craneyville, Mass. Eva wishes to hear from Miss Bassett, and will be thankful to any one who will send her address.

Nathan R. McGrew called on Miss Chloe W. Childs, at her residence in Grinnell, Ia. He found that she had been ill for two or three days, but had recovered. Her illness was the result of a visit to Brooklyn, Ia., eighteen miles distant.

A deaf-mute, named Alpheus Kennedy, preached in the Church of the Crucifixion, in Gilman, Ia., a few weeks ago. His service was not appreciated. He collected \$2.40 from the congregation. It is said that he was educated at the Ohio Institution about thirty-five years ago.

Alfred and Lovey Mayhew have been boarding with their nephew, Jack Mayhew, in Chilmarr, Mass., all this winter. Lovey Mayhew will be eighty-one years old next April. He is older than his brother Alfred. They are deaf-mutes and were educated at the American Asylum at Hartford.

Alison V. Forbes, of South Framingham, Mass., wants to know the address of her friend, Miss Lizzie M. Cole, of New Hampshire, through the *JOURNAL*; or, send it to South Framingham, Mass., Box 83. Miss Forbes had a good time visiting her deaf-mute friends for two days in Boston, last week.

John Duff, a deaf and dumb fraud at Kalamazoo, gave him off by getting full of benzine and losing his temper at a game of cards. He could then talk as lively as anyone else. When asked by an officer where he was from, he said: "Florida, Junction," but where such junction is the officer has not yet found out. —*Phila. Star*, Feb. 21.

The following was printed in the year 1821, and has reference to the grandfather of Arthur L. Thomas, a pupil at the New York Institution, who died, aged eighty-eight years, about a week ago:—"A. S. Thomas looked hale and hearty, as though he could still wield the old chise knife as well as he formerly did in many a tough combat with Cheesebore the fencing master."

Mr. Robert F. Clark, of Vicksburg, Mich., favored the Messrs. Hayes, (Frank and George) with a pleasant call on Tuesday of last week, while returning from a three days visit to his mother. He reported having a hard struggle to reach Leoniida (the house of his mother), by reason of the severe winter storm, the roads being almost impassable for many days.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist went on a visit last month to Mr. F. Robinson, of Conewago, N. Y. He afterwards visited Miss A. M. Hatch, of Cortt, Pa., and then went to Parker City, Pa., to see his sister, Mrs. J. M. Bray. At the latter place he met four deaf-mutes—Messrs. William, James and David Kelly and Miss Hutchison. He went to Titusville, on the 11th ult., and saw Eddie Downman and Cyrus Crawford. After going to Riceville, where he saw Miss Cummings, he returned to his home in Jamestown, N. Y.

The Champion Rascal.

(Sonoma Democrat.)

A circumstance which has just come to light is undoubtedly the best joke and the most refreshing thing of the season. Our readers will remember the "poor deaf mute," Smith, who was lately sentenced to three years in San Quentin for robbing John Gallagher. His term would doubtless have been somewhat longer, but that in passing sentence the Judge—who will blame him?—took into consideration the grievous affliction under which the prisoner had been all his life laboring, and which entitled him to some sympathy. There was even considerable dissatisfaction expressed by a few of our citizens that "a poor deaf and dumb man" should be sent to State Prison at all. Owing to his infirmity, his trial was conducted under circumstances of great difficulty, all questions put to him having to be first reduced to writing. The Judge and attorneys, both for and against the prisoner, had to make lively use of their pens during the trial. When Smith was taken to San Quentin, the warden was told of his unfortunate condition; and consequently no one attempted to converse with him. He was conducted to a cell and left over night. In the morning a paper upon which were written a number of questions, relating to the facts about himself which the prison authorities desired to know, was placed before him, at which he glanced for a moment, and then said, in a tone of contemptuous disgust: "Oh, —! We might just as well drop it. I've played it now as long as I had any need to." Tableau! Since this miraculous discovery, Smith, according to the warden's statement, has continued talking at a rate which fairly gives any body, prisoner or otherwise, who has ever been inside the Institution. "Old Sonoma" still keeps ahead. What other county can show as cute a rascal?

Mr. John Diamond, of New York, is said to be quite sick.

Chas. Lawton, of Great Valley, N. Y., expects to visit his friends in Buffalo, next month.

A subscriber would like to know how many mutes live in Pittston, Pa., through the *JOURNAL*.

A member wants to know if the New England Gallaudet Association will send a delegate to the National Convention.

Mrs. Cora Chamberlain, nee Miss Lawton, of Great Valley, N. Y., presented her speaking husband with a bouncing boy baby four weeks ago.

If Mr. Thomas Goodison, formerly a pupil of Fawcett, but lately of the Rochester Institution, will please send his address to the *JOURNAL*, he will hear of something to his advantage.

John F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., lectured before the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, on the 14th of February. Subject—"Compulsory Education." It was his first lecture.

Mr. Jacob Knox, of New York City, has been suffering with malarial fever for a long time. He is but the shadow of his former self, but hopes ere long to regain his lost avoirdupois.

Alexander Dendzord, of Brooklyn, left his place in the Treadwell cracker bakery on account of ill health last Monday. His employer informed him that he was sorry to lose a first class packer.

Miss Julia Kennedy, a former pupil of Fawcett, now living in Fairport, N. Y., will visit her classmate, Mrs. Keitt, of Brooklyn, next summer, and will probably remain with her for one year.

Rev. Job Turner informs the deaf-mutes of Fulton, N. Y., that he will be pleased to hold service for their benefit next summer, if he visits Mexico, N. Y., as he always does, provided that Rev. Mr. Berry, to whom that diocese belongs, has no objection to it.

The *Mendon Globe* brings R. F. Clark out as being incapable of hearing the loudest thunder. Though he is no judge of musical tone, he can hear the loudest thunder, and the softest too, if you please, Sir Editor of the *Globe*, and will say that the *Vicksburg Monitor* was not authority for what was said in that paper.

Rev. Job Turner has already started in good health and fine spirit for Aberdeen, Miss., stopping at Lynchburg, Wythoville, Va., Knoxville, Tenn., Chattanooga, Tenn., Cave Spring, Ga., Talladega, Ala., Selma, Ala., Union Town, Ala., and two or three other places. He will have good weather to suit his extensive field.

Messrs. J. H. McMeelen and Fred Vogel, of Wheeling, W. Va., and Walter M. Lacy, of Louis, Co., Va., are employed by the Eagle Shoe Co., at Frederickburg, Va., which company employs from 50 to 60 hands, and these three are among the best in the factory. The Superintendent, with whom they all three board, R. I. Tyler, can converse with them by signs equal to any mutes.

Last Sunday afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Stubbs were in attendance at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. They have lately been married. Mrs. Stubbs is a charming lady. They had with them a bright, pretty little niece of Mrs. Stubbs. We wish to congratulate them upon their marriage, and wish them a long and happy life. Mrs. Stubbs' maiden name was Henry. Mr. Stubbs is an industrious cabinet maker, and is a brother of Zeph Stubbs, a well-known Methodist minister of Philadelphia.

Mr. Collins S. Sawhill was telegraphed last Sunday, February 18th, that Mr. W. H. Reighart held the previous night, at nine o'clock. Mr. Sawhill and another mute, William Friend and his wife, took the train at 1:28 P.M., for Johnstown, Pa. They went to the residence of Mr. George M. Reighart, a brother of the deceased. The funeral procession was very large. The bearers were Collins S. Sawhill, Wm. Friend, Henry McLaugh, Joseph W. Haynes (mutes), and four other speaking gentlemen.

On Tuesday, February 20, Robert Kane, a sign-painter, was arrested in his home on complaint of Mrs. Emily E. Keitt, on the charge of assault. He was released from custody on bail. Her counsel will be ex-Judge Moorehouse, and her interpreter, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, in New York. Judge Walsh, of the City Court, read Mrs. Keitt's statement this morning, and the trial was adjourned till Tuesday afternoon, February 27th. Mrs. Emily Keitt is an accomplished deaf and dumb lady.—*Brooklyn Union*.

In last week's issue of the *JOURNAL*, your correspondent, "Americus," asserts that the Catholic Literary Union is sectarian and can do but little good, and advises its members to disband, hand over their funds to Jams, and join the Manhattan Literary Association. Then the Manhattan Literary Association will be a lit. worthy of the name.

Now, "Americus," you are correct in two of your statements, viz.,—1st. The Catholic Literary Union is sectarian; 2d. If the members of the Catholic Literary Union joined the Manhattan Literary Association, then surely the Manhattan Literary Association would be worthy the name, but, as it is now, it is not. "Americus," when you say the Catholic Literary Union can do but little good, you are saying what you know is false, for the Union can and will surely do more for its members than the Manhattan Literary Association can do. The Manhattan Literary Association has been in existence for more than ten years, yet cannot boast of a single book for the use of its members. That is enough. Will "Americus" please inform the readers of the *JOURNAL*, how generous it has been to the Home for Aged and Infirm Mutes? Will he please inform us what the Manhattan Literary Association has done for its members? The Manhattan Literary Association is said to have a big bank account, yet they are too stingy to hire a respectable hall or room to meet in. They have from the organization up to the present time held their meetings in the basement of St. Ann's Church, which, by the way, is not a very comfortable quarter sometimes. Is not "Americus" aware that there are a great many deaf-mutes in New York City and Brooklyn, who never joined the Manhattan Literary Association, and who never expect to?

DIED.

BERRYMAN—At Bangor, Michigan, January 19th, 1893, of inflammation of the stomach and of nervous prostration, James Berryman, aged 97 years. Mr. B. leaves three mute brothers and two speaking sisters. His remains were taken to Goshen, Indiana, for interment. The writer offers sincere sympathy to the relatives of the deceased, and trusts God will watch over them, until they meet their brother in the spirit land.

At Hooksett, N. H., at three o'clock A.M., February 23d., Mrs. Mercy, widow of the late Alpha M. Dennison, aged 63 years. She suffered with rheumatism and cough for more than ten years. She leaves three children, and seven or eight grandchildren.

An admirer would like to know if the Boston Society will invite Dr. E. M. Gallaudet to lecture.

The *Progress* says Iowa is the only state having a deaf-mute family that is blessed with twin babies.

Mrs. O. W. Fitzgerald, who has been suffering with inflammatory rheumatism for over a year, is reported slightly improved.

Miss L. L. Lieby, of Wrightsville, Pa., says she will try to visit Mrs. John Bowers, of Silver Spring, next spring or summer.

Eugene Traak, of Deerfield, Mass., has a deaf and dumb boy who will be three years old soon. He is a very bright and interesting boy.

This is not so; Mr. and Mrs. Norcross, of Norwich, Ct., have two of the finest and prettiest twin babies that ever laughed in the sunlight.

Miss Jennie P. Leach, of Staten Island, N. Y., has been visiting friends and relatives in New England since June. She reports having splendid times. She is now in the vicinity of Boston, and looks healthy and hearty.

It is thought, before long, Brooklyn will have a literary association of its own. Already some of the leading mutes of that enterprising town, including Messrs. Stengele, Juhring, Tobin and others, are at work with that end in view. It is hoped they will be successful, and that Brooklynites will not have to cross the ferry to enjoy a literary treat.

THAT "COR."—If that "Cor" had paid due attention to the proceedings of the first meeting of the "Guild of Silent Workers," he would have seen one of the members, I believe it was Mr. Reynolds, of Brooklyn, ask Rev. John Chamberlain if the "Guild" was to be a "Mutual Benefit Association." "No! not exactly," replied the reverend gentleman, "but in time it will work itself into one."

The dangerous experiment tried by a Boston deaf-mute, a few evenings ago, should not be followed by other deaf-mutes, as it has cost some of their lives. The last train from Salem is 9:55 P.M., and this young man lingered in the hall where the deaf-mutes were holding a levee, until nearly time for the train to leave, and when within nearly 500 feet, he saw the cars start for Boston. He exerted himself to his utmost, and finally climbed on board, to find that the more sensible of his friends had wisely taken plenty of time and were comfortably seated in the car. The levee was an enjoyable affair, and the Boston mutes regretted that they could not remain longer.

Last Sunday morning, Prof. W. H. Weeks, from the Hartford Institution, preached a very excellent sermon at our hall, and in the afternoon he conducted the prayer meeting assisted by Rev. Mr. Rowe, of West Bedford, Mass. He is a missionary for the deaf-mute societies in this section. Notwithstanding the weather was rainy about forty were present. At the close of the meeting, and while Prof. Weeks was crossing the hall, he slipped and fell, striking his right wrist which began soon to swell and pain him very much. In the evening, prayer-meeting was held at Mr. William Lynde's. Prof. Weeks was present and conducted the meeting. At the close of the Sunday morning services, the B. to Deaf-Mute Society presented him, through Mr. Edward Duran, with a very nice bible as a token of their esteem. He has been with us for the past five Sundays and his departure makes us sad, because we shall miss him at our meetings. We all hope he will soon be able to be with us again.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM H. REIGHART.

The announcement of the death of William H. Reighart will be received with sorrow by his friends, many of whom did not know that he was seriously sick. He passed away at nine o'clock on Saturday night, at the home of his brother, George M. Reighart, near Geistown.

Six years ago, Mr. Reighart left the old homestead in Richland Township and went to live in Braintree, where he was employed in the Blooming Mill of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works. About two years ago he was married to Miss Annie Hartshorn, of New Albany, Ind. Soon afterward, while at his work, he contracted a severe cold, which settled on his lungs, and he gradually failed. He was compelled to give up work last October, and from that time until about one month ago he and his wife had been stopping at the latter's home.

He then expressed a strong desire to return to the home of his childhood, and hither he was brought. The change did him no good, however, but he seemed happier, and died with a smile on his face and hopeful words to his wife and friends.

The deceased was a son of William R. Reighart, who died in 1861. His mother died three years previously.

Mr. Robert Reighart of this place, is his brother, and Mrs. Thomas Howe and Mrs. Joseph Smith, also of Johnstown, are his sisters. He leaves no children. He was a deaf mute, as also is his wife.

Rev. J. Franklin Core, pastor of the First M. E. Church, will conduct the funeral services to-morrow afternoon. —*Johnstown Tribune*, Pa., Feb. 19.

Photographing Speech.

The *Photo. News* says: The new system of teaching the deaf and dumb by directing them to look at a person speaking, and to note the position of his lips in giving utterance to different sounds, has now been in practice for several years on the Continent; and as our readers are probably aware, has also been adopted in this country with some success. A Continental teacher has now hit upon a plan of furthering the instruction by having recourse to photography. A model has been chosen whose lips are particularly expressive in their action, and a series of photographs taken of him while pronouncing the different sounds that go to make up a language. Such a "speaking likeness" has been obtained, that, in many cases, even an untrained observer has little difficulty in guessing the letter on the lips of the model, as the photographs are displayed one after another. Mr. Warner exhibited several of the pictures at the last meeting of the Photographic Society.

THE SALEM LEVEE.

A Grand Success.

ABOUT 175 PRESENT.

Washington's Birthday dawned most beautifully upon New England, and the many mutes who had awaited with eager anticipation for its dawn were more than pleased, as the weather was all that could be desired.

About noon-time, the mutes began to arrive, and in obedience to the invitation of Philo W. Packard, through the *JOURNAL*, made a "bee line" for the Society's Room on Essex street, about three minutes' walk from the Eastern R. R. Depot.

It was a very cozy little room, and the writer was struck with surprise that this little colony of mutes in Salem should meet with such brilliant success. It is all owing to the right earnestness of the Pastor, P. W. Packard, and the hearty co-operation of the mutes in Salem.

May the society still continue to prosper, and may their faithful pastor be spared for many years to come to teach the "Word of God" to the unfortunate mutes.

Well, I see I am wandering from my subject, as is generally the case with me, and as I do not wish this to be looked upon as a "disjointed article," I will take ship and return to the Levee.

At 8 o'clock, sharp, Central Hall was pretty nearly filled with anxious mutes, representing every State in New England, their eyes bent steadily on the curtain awaiting its rising. The play was "Humpty Dumpty," and the characters were Messrs. Martin, Chapman Bros., and Hardy P.'s wife. I can not praise the acting, because I do not honestly think it merits it, but the part by Charles Martin, as a clown, was excellent.

After the conclusion of Humpty, "Luncheon Dance" followed. The participants were two brothers, and they kept remarkably good time in their clog-dance. But the best of all was Prof. Pousland, in his feats of strength and balancing. He was supported by two other young men, and his ladder feat brought round after round of applause from the delighted audience. It would be a difficult task to explain what the ladder feat was, and as I read the waste basket awfully, I think it would be a waste of time. Any one who witnessed it will speak in high terms on the strength, skill, ease and grace of Prof. Pousland.

At the conclusion of the exercises, a banquet was had in the back of the Hall, and about 100 partook of it, and spoke in high praise on the quality of the various edibles. Your humble servant did not partake of any, for he is dreadfully afraid of nightmares, and such a late meal brings them on, but he has the word of very reliable mutes that it was excellent.

Mr. Hardy P. Chapman deserves much credit as to the manner the Levee was conducted. His profits may have been small, but considering this is the first attempt Salem ever made, it is very well. Nevertheless, where the profits are small, he has found his way to the hearts of hundreds of mutes by his efforts to please them, by giving real professional actors, such as Prof. Pousland and Harry Coffin.

It is to be hoped, most earnestly, that the next Levee at Salem will be even more magnificent than this one.

BUC A BRAC.

Our genial and honest President of the New England Gallaudet Association, Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, was there all smiles. The world goes smooth with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Holmes, of Boston, were seen there, and they seemed as happy as two turtle-doves. May they continue to be so.

Big Giant Krause and Little Giant Newhall were there—Newhall, as usual with his "downy little lady." Is the day set, George? If so, send me a card, or, if "no cards," "a slice of cake."

Prof. Harry White made himself conspicuous by his absence. It was whispered around that he passed through Salem for Boston early in the forenoon.

Miss Susie Wardman was the belle of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilkinson, of Fall River, could not attend.

Mr. Oscar Kinsman, of Providence, and Fred Smith, of Fall River, were noticed as being of the party. Fred looked in excellent spirits, so did Oscar.

It is to be regretted that Mrs. W. Follette could not attend. She is in feeble health, and the doctor advised her not to go, so she had to stay at home. We all missed her very much.

John F. Donnelly, the well-known typo of Woonsocket, intended to be present, but from some reason unknown to the writer, he failed to put in an appearance. He lectured in Boston, February 14th last, on "Compulsory Education."

Northampton Semi-mute School was represented by quite a large delegation of graduates. They were all a most remarkable group, and very intelligent. Instead of the dull, drowsy look which generally characterizes the native mute, they wore a smiling visage, such as is seldom seen on a real congenital mute. If all of its graduates turn out as bright and intelligent as the delegation at Salem, well may the Northampton School feel proud. Box Jour.

BOSTON.

Interesting Lecture.

REVIVALS.

A Presentation.

A lecture of more than ordinary interest was delivered by John F. Donnelly, of Woonsocket, R. I., before a large and appreciative audience, upon "Education," on St. Valentine's Day. Mr. Donnelly is a young man, a compositor in the office of the *Woonsocket Reporter*. While at work upon the types, he seems to have been in the habit of improving his mind in every possible way, especially in language, a branch of knowledge that requires patient, careful study, and his progress in the acquisition of language has been very marked from the first day he entered a newspaper office. His experience is a fine illustration of the old saying: "Where there is a will, there is a way." Consequently, he knew the immense value and beneficial results of an education, and was perfectly at home in his discussion of that important topic. After describing the manifold blessings which a well-cultivated mind confers upon the possessor, the lecturer urged his audience not to slight their opportunities for self-improvement, nor to sneer at others who were blessed with a superior education. The National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, he said, has been doing a good work in the education of our class, and deserves the gratitude of all who have partaken of its benefits. Its standing is deservedly high among the other colleges in this country, and it is no such easy matter to get through the whole course, as disappointed envy and ignorance sometimes assert. The Faculty of the college are firm yet kind in their discipline, and strict in their requirements of scholarly standing. Mr. Donnelly cited as an example, the fact that out of a class of thirteen students in the beginning of the course, only three succeeded in gaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts, among whom he was proud to count a young friend of his. The degree of Bachelor of Arts, the highest in the gift of the college, is conferred only after the whole course in languages, mathematics and philosophy has been gone through, and it is worthy of every student's pride and ambition. Mr. Donnelly frankly added, with a smile, that he would have been very glad to win such a degree, but he was prevented by circumstances beyond his control from going through college. The reason why he left college before finishing his course, was in order to support a widowed mother, though he did not say so. All honor to such a filial son. Mr. Donnelly made such a very favorable impression upon the Bostonians, that he will be asked at no distant day to favor them with another lecture.

On the same day and at the same hour, another promising young man, one of Boston special favorites, was delivering a lecture in Lowell, upon the value of a good name. Edwin W. Frisbee attracted a good-sized audience to his lecture in the city of spindles and looms, in spite of unfavorable weather, and from what we have heard, his lecture was well delivered, and, what is more, well received.

For several months past, an unusual degree of religious fervor was noticeable at the prayer-meetings. Several young men, who had never taken any active part in those meetings, now rose and spoke for the first time. These meetings partook of the character of revivals, and were largely attended. The increase in religious interest, was due to two causes: firstly, the sudden, unexpected death of Frank Skillin, a friend and a companion of them all, who was taken away in the flower of his youth; and, secondly, to the active presence and stirring eloquence of Prof. Weeks, of Hartford. In order to keep the religious flame alive, Prof. Weeks had been engaged for the whole month of February, and at the close of his last service, he was presented with a little over ten dollars in cash, and what he prized the most, an elegant edition of the Bible in soft Morocco binding, worth fifteen dollars, which had been bought by subscription. It was called a pastor's study Bible, combining a text-book and a concordance. Prof. Weeks' name was stamped in gilt letters upon the cover. In addition to the Bible, a large block of paper made by Mr. Wm. Goldsmith, of Cambridgeport, was presented to him for writing his sermons on. Prof. Weeks was much affected by the sight of the Bible, declaring that there was nothing which he would prize more than such a gift. He has been a faithful worker in his Master's Vineyard, and the laborer is worthy of his hire.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 16th Street. First meeting of the month for business only. Lectures every second Wednesday. Debates every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, J. F. Donnelly, 56 Raymond Street, Brooklyn.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Jesse K. T. Hoagland, President, and Wm. Blount, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 293 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

THE CHIROLOGICAL LYCEUM, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Lyceum, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the Board of Managers' parlor (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, orally, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. Edward D. Wilson is President, and Mr. Joseph A. Turner, Secretary, No. 803 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

CLERIC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Cleric Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each month. September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Joseph A. Roop is President, and Wm. H. Lipsett Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1116 South 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TWILIGHT UNION.

The Twilight Union, a social organization of Brooklyn and New York, meets monthly at the residence of some one of its members or friends. Gentlemen and ladies residing at a distance, visiting this vicinity on pleasure or business, desiring to attend the social of this club, can do so upon introduction by some member. Secretary's address: No. 292 Jay Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Bible Class for deaf-mutes, under the direction of Mr. Green, will be held in Grace Church, Bedford Avenue, near Division Street, Brooklyn, E. D., every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. All are cordially invited.

A great number of deaf-mutes have signified their intention to attend the meeting to be held in Steinway Hall, New York, on Saturday next, at which will be organized a new benevolent society.

FANWOOD.

Merrymaking at the New York Institution.

HOW WASHINGTON WAS HONORED.

SILENT HILARITY.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The magnitude and success of the masquerade held on Washington's Birthday, has never before been equaled at the New York Institution. The jam was truly unprecedented, and the building presented the appearance of a great city, with the difference only that it was evening and the visitors far more numerous.

The day was raw and unfavorable, but the weather appeared to have no effect upon our old graduates, who began to drop in by twos and threes as early as two o'clock in the afternoon, the males, as usual, with the indispensable chaperon.

The supper tables presented an animated sight that evening. Old friends met friends under the sparkling influence of "tea," and harmony and gaiety ruled the hour.

At seven o'clock, the first indication that the fun was upon us was learned by the appearance, in the crowded parlors, of a solitary masked male. Flattered by the attention which his appearance attracted, he may be said to have put on few successors, "airs," still he was excusable under the circumstances.

He was soon followed by about fifty other grotesque figures, clad in costumes, ranging from the prince to the peasant, and which, without an exception, were entirely appropriate to the character of the dress. A few of the more notable costumes were: a handsome female present. Individual taste denoted individual character, and, as a whole, the standard of character, judged of course by appearance, was highly favorable.

But why don't the girls put in appearance, as frequently asked as the minutes sped swiftly on. Unnecessary waste of words; for is not your average fair one "always late." This ribbon don't set well; that bow is by far too unruly. There is running here and there, to and fro, and an apparently tremendous amount of labor being expended, and although we dislike exceedingly to say it, very little is being accomplished. But, at length, all are ready, and a vision of many forms of loveliness glides majestically down the winding stairway and mingle with the throng in the hall, already packed to suffocation.

A list of the costumes, with this feature of the master of ceremonies, and the two long lines are slowly moving towards the large sitting room of the girls. A Grand March, of about fifteen minutes' duration, which, when it is considered that no previous practice on the part of the pupils had been had, was well gone through with; a little sky-larking here and there by lads and lassies blessed with more than the usual allotted portion of exuberant spirits, and the order to unmask is given. Surprises are many, "I told you so's," not a few.

Those whose eager pedals ache for exercise, now repair to the parlors, where fallowing is given to the amusement. It being now nine o'clock, the younger pupils are packed unceremoniously off to bed, and a wave of air enters the rooms, bringing the balm of invigoration with it, judging from the number of the pupils who the dancers go through their parts.

Half-past ten arrives all too soon. Good-byes are reluctantly said, an unnecessary but perfectly natural lingering of little hands in large ones, and half an hour later silence broods over the spot where but a short time before all was mirth and jollity.

The costumes worn by the girls, thanks to the coaching of that princess of good taste and disinterestedness, Miss Caroline V. Hagadorn, coupled with her natural ability to make much out of little, were more elegant and tasteful than ever before. Miss Hagadorn's judgment is invariably relied upon on occasions of a like nature, and always with results productive of success. A born artist, her talent is not confined principally to art as we view it from pictures hung on our walls, but it penetrates further and deeper into the mysteries of dressmaking, and is as precise as planning. Too much credit cannot be given to this lady, and it may truthfully be affirmed that the success of the entertainment was chiefly due to her indefatigable efforts.

Below we give the names and costumes of those who participated:

Lady Washington was charmingly represented by Miss Hawkins. Her form was specially adapted to the role.

Mamie Weyant, as Mary Queen of Scots, attracted considerable attention by the graceful manner in which she moved about.

Miss DeWitt, in an elegant costume indicative of the Queen Elizabeth, reviewed history lessons in the mind of many a school boy.

Miss Atwell, encased in the robes of an Indian princess, made us sigh for a wild life in a wigwam.

A tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired exquisite, formed dandy, adorned in long flowing robes of black, turned out to be Miss George Decker and her disguise was that of a Spanish lady.

A boni fide Turkish lady would have sickened with jealousy, if she had witnessed bewitching Agnes Craig in that character.

Mabella Fish, as Neapolitan girl, was hard to beat.

As Maid of Orleans, Daisy Hollister attracted more than a passing glance.

Sweet Lady Jane Gray proved to be Martha J. Ray.

Mrs. Rachel Cook personated a French Court Lady to perfection. We believe her success is due to personal observation in France.

Gentle Fanny, Edna McClurg, made a fine appearance alongside of Topsy, Ada Vanness.

An elegant costume of pink sprinkled with daisies was worn by Grace Mills. It was exceedingly pretty.

Sable Night was the garb that covered the loveliness of Annie Marks.

A very pretty picture was little Ella Taylor as a Jockey girl. She won hosts of admirers.

Myra Barrager was a Delhi Princess or a Princess from Delhi. She was or appeared to be very coy.

Stately Eugenie Rogers caused a thrill of patriotism to invade every heart in her attire of Goddess of Liberty.

A child of the 19th Century, dressed in a very tasteful robe of pink, was little May Collins. She looked very lovely.

Mary E. Hupp was a bonny Scotch lass, and played her part well.

Mary C. Fraser, as Hungarian lady, was tip-top.

Genius of the Press, Miss Ella Dillingham, probably had the most novel attire of all. Her costume complete was made of different newspapers, religious and secular, humorous and otherwise. She carried a mammoth Webster's Unabridged.

Little Lady Washington, in the person of Benbow, daughter of the Principal, depicted the honors with Miss Hawkins.

Irrepressible Emily Wells played the Girl of the Period charmingly.

Old Mother Goose looked exactly as represented in story books. Miss Hagadorn represented that character.

Parties could not have been better personified than by Rachel Gantz.

The raiment in vogue among the girls of thirty years ago, worn by Miss Julia Brearley, was in striking contrast to that worn by those around her. Its virtue consisted in its simplicity.

Amelia Austin was a very pretty picture, as she glided around the apartment with her usual air step.

Pink and white predominated, and with exquisite good taste combined with simplicity, in the airy costume worn by Miss Belle Fisher as May Queen.

Charles G. G. L. Hericht were two buxom German farmer's daughters. They were dressed in a style becoming the station in life represented.

Lady Washington had still another charming representative, bedecked in fashionable habit, in the person of Miss Rintoul.

Buy my flowers," lisped Mary Penrose, arrayed in an appropriate costume.

Erin go Bragh attracted many an Irish eye as Josie Ackerman "floated" around the apartment.

Anny Fat-not Anti-reminded us of the time our father spanked the old woman who lived under the hill.

Eva, represented by Grace Collins, Anty Lean, by Annie Rineburg, and Circeusian Girl, by Catherine Logue, received their due share of attention.

Sally Heller, as Mary Contrary, provoked many a grin with her wilful ways.

A very pretty pink poodle was Mamie Brearley, sister of Mrs. Lloyd.

Mrs. F. D. Clarke personated Lady Macbeth in good style.

Three Rocco girls, Bertha Vogel, Bertha Peterson and Cora Moon, were much admired.

Two graduates, Misses Hannah Kevitt and Clara Post, appeared in peasant girl costume.

Gentle Annie Bryan's form was warmly wrapped up in what was supposed to be a raiment of snow.

William Durian stalked around as the immortal George.

A natty West Point Cadet, Wm. Ennis, was floor manager, assisted by E. E. Smith.

George Porter acted in the capacity of Mexican masher. He hovered near Lady Jane Gray.

Jokes and puns oozed from the costume of Mr. L. L. Thomas. He wore a jester's cap.

The transparent legs of Anthony Capelli looked lovely even in the garb of Oscar Wilde.

Theodore Lounsbury wore a prince's costume. The females especially admired it.

A ridiculous looking clown, who "poked every body in the eye with the end of his nose," was the costume of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt.

Charles McCormick, although he had but half an arm to aid him, personated a huge black bear exceedingly well. He shuffled around with a clay pipe in his mouth.

Good-humored Jacques Loew, as usual, made for the ladies, immediately upon arrival.

F. M. Senior asked innumerable questions relative to the names of the guests, etc.

Mr. Brown and wife were among the lookers-on.

Dignified Theo. Froelich did not relax once during the evening.

W. O. Fitzgerald arrived at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and left at about ten.

Barnes paid a visit to the printing office for the first time while here.

Mr. Jahring and wife and Mr. Pownall and wife appeared to have a good time.

Charles O'Brien cracked jokes in his usual ebriety manner.

John O'Brien went through the lancers in lively style.

"X" and "Americus" glared at each other in a wolfish way.

James P. Donoulee nibbled cloves all the evening.

Henry Stengel raked over old school-day adventures with a few friends.

John A. Lounsbury looked happy.

John Desendorf, mother and sister, Mrs. Keitt, arrived at about seven o'clock.

Billy Reilly and Edward Dunlap wished they were pupils again.

The father and mother of Henry Beuerman looked with pride upon the "king."

Mary E. Post and Joe Colby brought the scent of pure Havana along with them.

J. Leonard looked sleepy and bashful.

Thomas Heydon was in his usual happy frame of mind.

Julius Hanneman brought his brothers news from home.

The parents of Tilson Haight gazed fondly at that young hopeful.

One hand shake with Billy Slattery was sufficient to prove that he was alive.

Walter L. Bingham, much improved in appearance, was on hand. He left for North Carolina Friday last, and expects to resume his studies here about the first of April.

John Hogan laughed as heartily at his own jokes as any body could be more so.

John Dunlap, of last season, wore one of his best.

The "German Crib" was brought to mind by the entrance of Frank Reiter.

William Ehrlich carved himself on our memory.

E. A. Barry danced a breakdown to express his satisfaction.

Miss Jennie Williams, Hannah Kevitt and Clara Post, were among our Jersey visitors.

Miss Kevitt remained at the Institution Saturday. Miss Williams started for Newark on Monday.

She had a very pleasant visit with her old classmates and friends.

James H. Caton, the deaf, dumb and blind pupil, hands us the following item:

"On Washington's Birthday, J. H. Caton had the pleasure of adding some new names to the list of his numerous friends."

George Fisher, as Buffalo Bill, kept a careful watch on the three Indian braves. He related his numerous adventures to a fair one after another.

J. Waggle, a copper-colored Turk, was not overlooked.

Punch, Peter Brede, put many into good humor.

Many of the visitors were parents or friends of the pupils (hearing) and we were unable to learn their names. We give, however, the names of those whose faces are familiar to us, as well as those of the deaf-mutes present.

Sally, as the New York mutes call him, was present with that benevolent smile which never fails to attract.

Good-humored Jacques Loew, as usual, made for the ladies, immediately upon arrival.

F. M. Senior asked innumerable questions relative to the names of the guests, etc.

Mr. Brown and wife were among the lookers-on.

Dignified Theo. Froelich did not relax once during the evening.

W. O. Fitzgerald arrived at about two o'clock in the afternoon, and left at about ten.

Barnes paid a visit to the printing office for the first time while here.

Mr. Jahring and wife and Mr. Pownall and wife appeared to have a good time.

Charles O'Brien cracked jokes in his usual ebriety manner.

John O'Brien went through the lancers in lively style.

"X" and "Americus" glared at each other in a wolfish way.

James P. Donoulee nibbled cloves all the evening.

Henry Stengel raked over old school-day adventures with a few friends.

John A. Lounsbury looked happy.

John Desendorf, mother and sister, Mrs. Keitt, arrived at about seven o'clock.

Billy Reilly and Edward Dunlap wished they were pupils again.

The father and mother of Henry Beuerman looked with pride upon the "king."

Mary E. Post and Joe Colby brought the scent of pure Havana along with them.

J. Leonard looked sleepy and bashful.

Thomas Heydon was in his usual happy frame of mind.

Julius Hanneman brought his brothers news from home.

The parents of Tilson Haight gazed fondly at that young hopeful.

One hand shake with Billy Slattery was sufficient to prove that he was alive.

Walter L. Bingham, much improved in appearance, was on hand. He left for North Carolina Friday last, and expects to resume his studies here about the first of April.

John Hogan laughed as heartily at his own jokes as any body could be more so.

John Dunlap, of last season, wore one of his best.

FLORIDA.

EFFORTS BEING MADE TO START AN INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The following letters are taking from the Tallahassee, Fla., *Weekly Floridian*, of January 23d, and show the active moments that are being taken to start an institution for deaf-mutes in Florida. Mr. T. H. Coleman is a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, and, we believe, Mr. Perry Barnes was educated in the Illinois Institution.

"MANDARIN, FLA., Dec. 28, 1882.

"Editor *Floridian*:"—Allow me to call your attention to a cause in which I desire to enlist your sympathies and your pen. To be brief and to the point, it is the subject of deaf-mute education in this State. As you must be well aware, the State has hitherto made no provision for this class of her children—of whom there are now over a hundred, and this has been a great injustice to them, inasmuch as they are entitled to the benefits of an education equally with the other children of the State. They can be taught, when proper methods are employed, as is evidenced by the example of other States, almost every one of which has an institution for this class, while Florida has none. Indeed, I believe every other State now has such an institution, and all the territories, with the possible exception of two or three. I am now endeavoring to found such an institution in this State, and have assurances from his excellency, the Governor, that he will call the attention of the Legislature to the matter, when it meets in January. But knowing the potent influence exerted by the press, I desire to second the efforts of the Governor in a cause which should appeal so powerfully to human sympathy. I will not call it charity, for, strictly speaking, the establishment of an institution for the class alluded to would be an act of justice, since it is the duty of a State to provide for all its children in the matter of education. I therefore beg to call your thoughtful attention to this subject, with the request that when the Governor brings it before the Legislature, in January, you will also urge upon that body the necessity and justice of providing for the unfortunate class under consideration. At that time the question will be a live one, and therefore appropriate for discussion, and I presume your city reporter can obtain valuable data from the message of Gov. Bloxham, such as would be suitable for the basis of an argument. But should you be unable to obtain access to that document, I will take pleasure in furnishing you with any information within my power, bearing upon the subject of the deaf-mutes and blind of the State. Having had access to the census returns, I am well posted on the subject.

"Very respectfully yours,"

"T. H. C. LEMAN."

[Mr. Coleman, and all other friends of the unfortunate class in whose behalf he takes such a warm interest, will see that the Governor has called the attention of the Legislature to the subject, and has asked that the State Board of Education be authorized to make provision for their education from the common school fund.—*Ed. Floridian*.]

SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.

"To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Florida, in General Assembly convened:—Greeting:

"As an humble citizen of the commonwealth, (and myself a deaf-mute), I beg leave to bring to your honorable notice the condition of deaf-mute children who are born citizens of Florida and whose education by the State is entirely ignored, whilst all other children are provided by the State with educational advantages.

I am aware of many deaf-mute children of a schoolable age who have never had any education. Should they grow up without the benefits of a common school education, they may grow up as to us for designing persons, and should they finally be a burden to the State either as paupers or convicts, is not the Legislature to a great extent chargeable for neglect to provide for a certain class of children the same educational advantages that all other children of the State enjoy?

"And as in the Providence of God these deaf-mute children have been born deficient of certain faculties which deprive them from the general educational advantages provided for the children of the State, should not the legislature provide the same advantages for these as well as any other class of citizens?

"By establishing at some convenient point a suitable school for deaf-mute children, Florida will but be following the worthy example of her sister and older State.

"Praying your honorable notice of this worthy subject, I am, your humble servant,"

"PERRY BARNES."

"CLEAR WATER, FLA., Jan. 12, 1883.

Turtle Creek, Pa., Items.

We have had delightful weather for the past few weeks. The teachers have exercised themselves by wading through mud and water with their feet incased in dainty rubber boots.

Last week, we were favored by a visit from Dr. MacIntire, formerly of Flint, Michigan. We were all delighted with this amiable gentleman, and we hope to see him soon again.

On Saturday, we were pleased to entertain Mr. Wm. Hedrick, of Pittsburgh, though the writer was not here. She was sorry she did not see his benign countenance. He has several friends in the school, and we hope he enjoyed his visit.

We were grieved to hear of the

death of one of our deaf-mute friends, Mr. Wm. Reighart. He had been ailing for some time, so it was not altogether a surprise. We earnestly sympathize with his widow and friends.

We have not yet obtained a principal. Rumor says it will not be long, however, and we hope soon to see some worthy gentleman placed at the head of our school.

On Feb. 22, we had again the pleasure of entertaining Mr. Frank Widaman, of Irwin. He seemed to enjoy his visit thoroughly.

Yesterday was Washington's birthday, and the pupils enjoyed themselves very pleasantly. Apples were given them, and in the evening Miss Annie Boyer, a teacher of the school, kindly allowed the big boys and girls to racket in the parlor.

C. J. M.

A Reply to "Cor."

As nearly as I can make out, the meaning of "Cor.'s" article in last week's JOURNAL is that I said that Mr. Chamberlain made a matter of conscience of having the Guild of Silent Workers a church organization. I never said any such thing. What I did say was, that Mr. C. said that the officers must be baptized.

CLEMENT R. THOMSON.

The Painter's Ruse.

There lived in Brussels a celebrated painter named Wiertz, whose eccentricities were such as to give him the name of the "Crazy Artist." That there was method in his madness, the following anecdote shows:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de Arnos, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her on that piece of canvas.

Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and, as a true knight of old, gallantly conducted the lady to her carriage.

Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de Madeline.

A big crowd was gathered before a window, and the following was whispered from ear to ear:

"Is the Countess de Arnos really in gaol for her debts?"

Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance towards his noble but unfair customer.

As soon as she had refused the portrait he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words: "In gaol for debt."

He exhibited the painting in a jeweller's window in the principal street of Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous.

A few hours later the Countess was back at Wiertz's pouring invectives on him at high pressure—"to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous"—&c.

"Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted to test the truth of your statement; that is it."

The portrait was taken away, the city hushed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

MANUAL ALPHABET

AND CALLING CARDS COMBINED.

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names.

The names must be names of new subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

No letter mailed after April 14th, 1883, will be counted.

Remit by Post Office Money Order or in Registered Letter.

Address: DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, STATION M, NEW YORK.

We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America.

Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:

50 Cards with name, 25 cents.

100 " " " 50 "

Address: DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, STATION M, NEW YORK City

WATCHES

AND JEWELRY

FINE GOLD WATCHES.

Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upward

SILVER HUNTING

AMERICAN WATCHES

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

JEWELRY,

Silver and Plated Ware

of all the newest designs, always in stock.

We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.